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THE BYSTANDER
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The Bystander

Robert Montgomery—Ambulance Driver

Film-star Robert Montgomery left England two weeks ago to join the U.S. Field Ambulance Corps in France as a driver. Above, Roswell I. Sanders, an American volunteer veteran of the last war, gives the novice a line on map-reading. Bob Montgomery was over here to make *Busman's Honeymoon* when war broke out, went back to America with his wife when all our studios closed, made *The Earl of Chicago*, then returned early this year and finally got to work as Lord Peter Wimsey in the Sayers' film, with Constance Cummings as Harriet Vane. At Easter Mrs. Montgomery came back to Europe, too, and she and her husband, who really loves England, took a house near Denham, as he was scheduled to make a second picture here *(I Had a Comrade*—another Pastor Niemoller film). Now Mrs. Montgomery (right) has had to pack up once more, and while her husband flew to France to join up, she sailed for America in the "American refugee" ship President Roosevelt

***Last man off** from Dunkirk was French Admiral J. M. C. Abrial, Commandant en Chef des Forces Maritimes du Nord, who was in command of the Allied embarkation. He came to London with two fellow admirals and three French generals, is here seen leaving Buckingham Palace with (right) Admiral Odendhal after visiting the King. Next day Abrial was received in Paris by M. Reynaud. That evening the French Premier spoke to France of the Admiral, "the defender of Dunkirk." "In these men," he said, "who have won the admiration of the entire world, France re-lives. In these men she sees revived the eternal glory of the generals of the Revolution and of the admirals of the French kings."*

***"Mr. Sensible"** for London is Sir Wyndham Deedes, whose official title is Regional Information Officer under the Ministry of Information scheme for circulating information locally in case of a temporary breakdown in the normal means of communication. Another of his tasks is to maintain and strengthen public moral. In both he will be assisted by local committees in each borough and urban district. Sir Wyndham Deedes went to Turkey in January to help distribute goods sent by the Anglo-Turkish Relief Fund after the earthquake. In the last war he was a brilliant Staff officer in Egypt and the Middle East, and between the wars his life was mainly devoted to social service in the East End of London*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Prime Minister rose to his greatest heights of oratory, unsurpassed even by himself, when he described the miracle of the evacuation of Dunkirk. He was especially moving and noble in his tribute to the few thousand airmen who made the miracle possible by holding back the enormous German Air Force. "The Knights of the Round Table, the Crusaders—they all fall back into the prosaic past, not only distant but prosaic, compared to those young men going forth every morning to guard their native land and all we stand for; those men, going forward, holding in their hands the instruments of colossal and shattering power, of whom it can be said: 'Every morn brought forth a noble chance, and every chance brought forth a noble deed.'"

BUT we must not for one instant lose sight of, or deliberately try to forget, the main burden of Mr. Churchill's speech. We have suffered a colossal military disaster in Flanders and Northern France. That is the plain truth. It is true that we have definite gleams of consolation in the victory of our airmen, and in the unquestionable fighting superiority, man for man, which our infantry has established over the German infantry, but against that there are many grievous losses to be reckoned.

ALREADY people are raising their voices against a policy of bombing reprisals. They are crying out that if we bomb open German towns as a reprisal for the bombing of Paris, it will only lead to such bitterness and hatred in Germany as to make a just peace impossible after the war. I cordially agree with them that reprisal-bombing should not be undertaken, but for a different reason. In this desperate crisis, every bomb and every bullet ought to be aimed at a military objective. We can deal with the open towns of Germany later on. As for causing bitterness and hate among the German people—well, that would be just too bad.

THE second great German offensive did not open in the same way as the first, with a sudden dash of armoured vehicles. It started in the old traditional style of 1916-17, with a heavy artillery bombardment in the early morning followed by mass attacks of infantry. The tanks seemed to have come in later in the day. As I write, the improvised Weygand line of defence is holding out well, but the battle has only been going on for twenty-four hours, so by the time this appears in print anything may have happened. At any rate one thing has been learnt by the Allied Command, which has been shouted from the housetops by such men as Captain Liddell Hart, Captain G. C. Wynne, Colonel von Lossberg and other far-seeing military experts. There are three methods of defence against modern mechanised attack: the concrete defence in line as in the Maginot Line, which may be good; the defence in depth as in the Siegfried, which is certainly good; and the field entrenchment in line, which is certainly bad. Weygand is now using the field-entrenchment in depth.

MR. E. A. MONTAGUE, the war correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, addressed a large meeting in Manchester on his return from Flanders. He had many interesting things to say about the German technique of fighting. For example, when their advance was reaching a village the 'planes would go ahead and drop a few bombs on the village to frighten the inhabitants out on to the roads. Then, when they were fairly blocking the roads for the Allied troops, the real bombing attack would come, so that the confusion and congestion would be made even greater by the thousands of terrified civilians. It is a new variant of their old trick of putting civilians in front of their infantry.

THE revelations of the shortage of equipment of the B.E.F. have given a tremendous jolt to the House of Commons. It is no secret that many Members who were loyal adherents of the Chamberlain Government have experienced a profound revulsion of feeling, especially among Members who themselves took part in the fighting. There is a growing and powerful resentment that some of the key Members of the

old Government should still be key Members of this one. One of them, indeed, Sir Kingsley Wood, has actually been promoted.

PERSONALLY, I do not think that this is the time for shouting about the faults of the past. After the Spaniards had been so disastrously defeated by the Moors in North Africa some twenty years ago the whole country boiled and seethed with the cry, "Responsibilidades," to such an extent that everyone forgot to carry on with the war itself. In our case there will be plenty of time after the victory is won to go into past history. Certainly the past must not be forgotten, but just now it ought to be put on the shelf. After all, we may scrap the railings but we need not scrap all the lamp-posts.

MR. BEVIN has introduced a series of revolutionary changes in labour organisation and industrial conditions. Strikes and lock-outs are banned; arbitration becomes compulsory; transfer of workers from certain industries is forbidden; and there are many other changes. In a statement on his plans, Mr. Bevin mentioned a week ago, "I transferred 450 skilled men from one place to another, and this let loose a flow of production which affected 10,000 men."

AMERICA becomes more and more anti-isolationist every day. But at the moment nothing seems to happen except mammoth petitions, newspaper articles, and excited resolutions. According to the Washington correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, the key obstructionist to active help for the Allies is the Secretary of War, Mr. Harry Woodring, an isolationist from Kansas. Mr. Woodring apparently worked and intrigued with great success for a long while to nullify the lifting of the Arms Embargo, and to make it impossible for any modern 'planes to be sold. He has also been able to use his position to block the sale by the War Department of any surplus goods to the Allies, although there is nothing in the United States' Neutrality Act which forbids such sales.

BUXTON is afraid that Solomon's Temple, the well-known landmark above the town, might prove to be a great help to aeroplanes, troop-carriers, and parachutists, and the City Fathers are debating the desirability of pulling it down. This surely is carrying precautions a little too far. I should hate to see Peterborough Cathedral or Salisbury or Durham dynamited in order to annoy and harass the German bombers. I think we can manage to do the trick without going to that extreme. The dismantling of the sign-posts, however, is a first-class dodge. Motorists who know every inch of their home country —or who thought they knew every inch— are rapidly being driven mad. I am told that the man who thought out the scheme took three hours the other day for a journey which normally took him an hour. This seems a little unjust, but it shows what a clever chap he was.

A BODY of men which has come into its own in the last few weeks is the honourable company of official spokesmen. There are spokesmen everywhere, stating officially, authoritatively, definitely, without fear of contradiction, from reliable sources, from the highest possible sources, on first-hand information, and so on, and so on, and so on. So far as I know, no one has ever met a spokesman or knows what a spokesman looks like, or how a spokesman gets his job, or how he is trained, but the fact remains that there they are, hundreds of them.

THE rounding up of members of the British Union of Fascists continues here and there on a small scale. No doubt Scotland Yard knows what it is doing, but for every Fascist that is arrested there are at least a couple who still stroll about the streets, free to carry on their detestable propaganda. Incidentally, I wonder what has happened to the old January Club which was formed, so far as I remember, in 1934, "to provide a platform for leaders of Fascist and Corporate State thought." It had a lot of influential members according to my recollection. I wonder where they are now, and what they are doing.

DURING the very throes of the Dunkirk evacuation, when British and French troops were fighting side by side on land, sea and in the air, the B.B.C. rose to the occasion with its inevitable felicity. On one and the same evening it referred to the British heroism at Waterloo; it described the ring of heroism and steel with which the British and French were defending Dunkirk as the "Corunna Line"; and it allowed a music-hall turn to make a series of loathsome, vulgar, miserable "jokes" about Joan of Arc. A couple of nights later one of the glib and polished announcers rattled off his news bulletin so casually that he actually remarked, "All our aircraft failed to return."

DURING the Peninsular War an officer came out from England with reinforcements for the Duke of Wellington's Army, and he paraded his men on arrival for inspection by the Duke. After the Duke had walked up and down the line, the proud but somewhat timid officer ventured to ask the great man what he thought of them. The Duke replied, "I don't know what effect they 'll have on the enemy, sir, but by God, sir, they frighten me!" I am reminded of this anecdote by the news in last week's BYSTANDER that Mr. Wyndham Lewis has joined the Parashots.

English nurses, *members of Queen Alexandra's Imperial Nursing Sisters, arrived in London after their heroic work in Flanders. Under heavy fire they tended the wounded to the last, refused to leave until all were embarked. Sister L. M. Gutteridge (top, left) is carrying the tin hat which saved her life from a machine-gun bullet when an enemy 'plane swooped down and fired on the mobile hospital. She was the last to leave, under fierce bombardment, brought four wounded officers safely back*

French telephonists *who served with General Blanchard's First Army were among the Allies brought to London. At the French Institute recovering from their ordeal was Mme. Delhay with Mlle. Joly, Mme. Jloux, and Mlle. Coppin. Chief Telephonist Mme. Delhay said that when the Belgian Army surrendered they were cut off and had to make their own way to Dunkirk. Even after eight days of being bombed, machine-gunned and shelled, all are keen to return and serve France again*

French Sailor

Out of the dozens of photographs, dramatic, tragic, pathetic, comic, that were taken of the Battle of Dunkirk, of the embarkation of the B.E.F. from those now historic beaches, and of their arrival in England, we have chosen these two as symbolic of all the others. Here are unquenchable gaiety and love of life on the one hand; on the other, exhaustion, dogged endurance, and a grim humour of which the wounded B.E.F. man's salvaged riding-whip is oddly expressive. These are some of the qualities common to all engaged in battle and embarkation: British and French soldiers, French and British sailors, the "knights of the air," doctors and nurses, and all those men of the sea whose boats, barges, yachts and pleasure

British Soldier

steamers plied endlessly to and fro across the Channel. French seamen played a grand part; three hundred French warships and merchant vessels, and two hundred smaller boats took part in the operations; of these seven destroyers and a supply ship were lost. Tributes that truly express the gratitude and admiration of their compatriots at home to all the heroes of the battle have been paid by leaders in both countries, often in words that will be long remembered. From Mr. Churchill's great speech in the House of Commons one sentence may be quoted: "A miracle of deliverance achieved by valour, by perseverance, by perfect discipline, by dauntless service, by resource, by skill, by unconquerable fidelity, is manifest to us all"

Racing: Two Young Marrieds

Lieut. and Mrs. Adair Wigan were at the recent Hurst Park meeting. They were married last autumn. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Wigan, live in Suffolk, and hers are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon, of Boveridge Park, near Salisbury

Flags: Three Sellers and a Customer

On Red Cross Flag Day last week, Lady Ellis was one of the workers at the Grosvenor House base, and selling in nurse's uniform were Miss Suzanne Du Boulay and her sister, Mrs. Iain Murray. Their customer above was Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys, who is Lady Kemsley's daughter

Miss Zara Mainwaring, the late Sir Harry Mainwaring's daughter, and Miss Jacqueline Dyer were two more Red Cross helpers in the West End

Miss Mainwaring and Miss Dyer

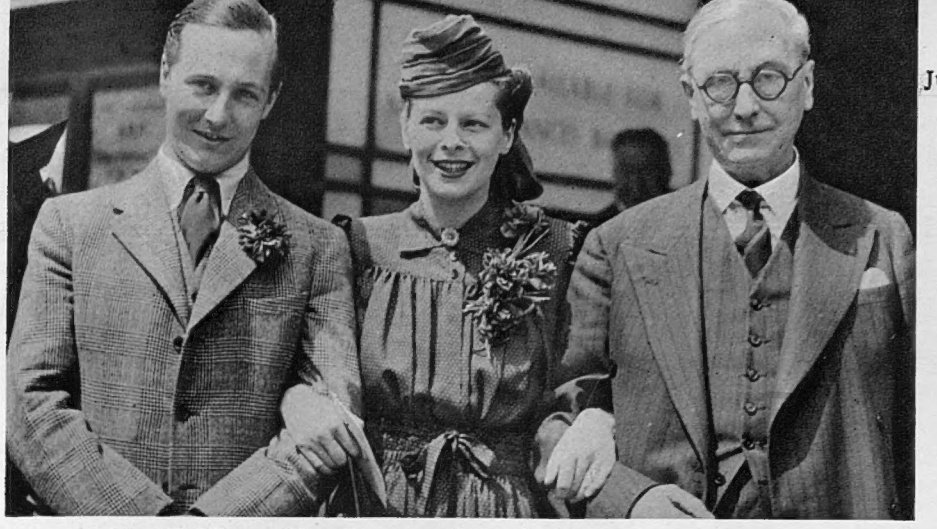
Home Front: War Work, and Some Social Events

Billeted: Lord Gort's Son

Sec.-Lieut. the Hon. Charles Standish Vereker was in Belgium with the B.E.F., came safely home via Dunkirk and is now billeted in the North Country home of Mrs. Annie Hulme. She was delighted to find she was hostess to the C.-in-C.'s son when her billetee arrived. Mr. Vereker was an O.C.T.U. private at the beginning of the war, was gazetted Sec.-Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards in March

War Work: Defence, Supplies and Transport

General Sir Hubert Gough, who is now in command of the Chelsea Local Defence Volunteers, was talking in the garden of his home in London to Brig.-Gen. A. C. Fuller and his wife. Brig.-Gen. Fuller, formerly an Army mechanisation expert at the War Office, has now moved to the Ministry of Supply as Director of Engineer and Signal Supplies. Mrs. Fuller is a Company-Leader in the Mechanised Transport Corps



Wedding: Mr. Greenwood's Son Marries Mrs. Goetz

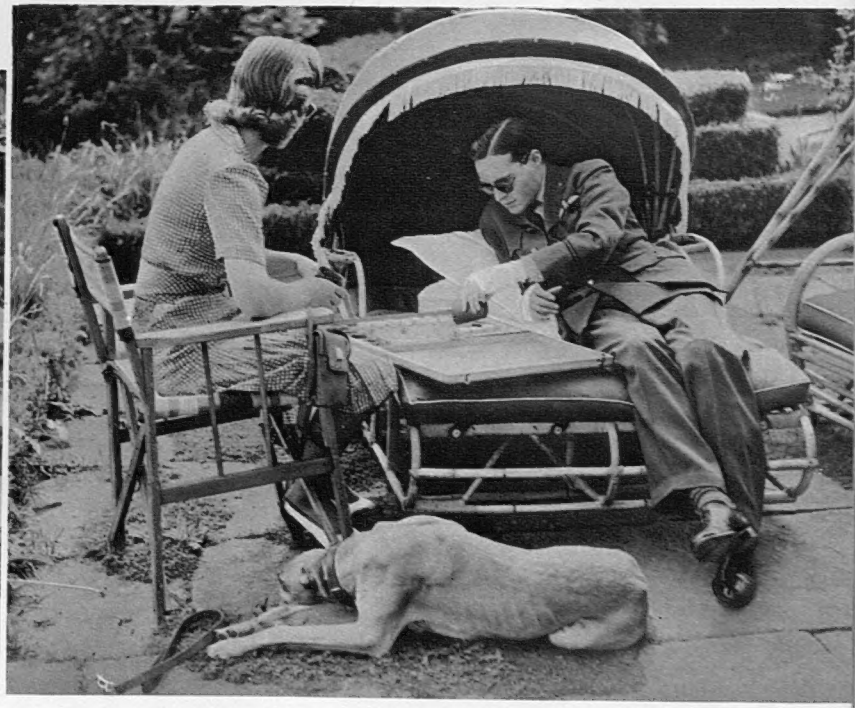
A. W. J. Greenwood and Mrs. Gilliam Goetz were married at Caxton Hall register office. His father, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Minister without Portfolio in the War Cabinet (right), was at the wedding of his son, who works in the Ministry of Information. Mrs. Goetz was formerly Gilliam Crawshay Williams, is the daughter of Leslie Crawshay Williams, of 43, Carlton Hill, N.W.8. Her first husband was Walter Goetz, the artist

Appeal: the Duchess of Devonshire

The Duchess of Devonshire, who is Chairman of the Women's Lady Army in Derbyshire, has been taking part in the campaign for land girl recruits. She also appealed for caravans to be loaned for women land workers to live in during the busy summer farming season

Wedding: a Ward Twin marries Miss Capel

Ft. Lieut. the Hon. George Ward and Anne Capel were married by special licence at Old Sodbury, Glos. He is the fourth son of the late Earl and Countess of Dudley; his twin brother, Sq.-Leader the Hon. Edward Ward, was best man. Miss Capel is the eldest daughter of the late Capt. Arthur Capel and the Countess of Westmorland. Her stepfather, Lieut.-Commander the Earl of Westmorland, R.N., gave her away



Hospital: Mrs. John Dewar and Her Daughter Entertain Convalescent Officers at Their Sussex Home

Mrs. John Dewar lent and equipped her lovely place at East Grinstead as a convalescent home soon after war started. The Commandant is Major-Gen. J. W. West, former Commandant of the officers' convalescent home at Osborne, I.O.W. Mrs. Dewar herself is Honorary Vice-President of the Sussex Red Cross. Her husband is Mr. John Dewar, the well-known racehorse owner

Miss Barbara McNeill played backgammon with one of the young R.A.F. officers convalescing at Dutton Homestall, her mother's home is Sussex, which was one of the first private houses converted into a convalescent home for officers, under the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation. Barbara McNeill is Mrs. John Dewar's daughter by her first husband, Capt. Ronald McNeill, and was a 1939 debutante

***Commander** of the British Forces in Norway, Major-General Adrian Carton de Wiart, V.C., was with Mrs. Farquhar and her son at the cricket match. A cousin of the General's, Comte Henry Carton de Wiart, was present at the Belgian Council which confirmed the refusal to accept King Leopold's surrender*

The Fourth of June

Speeches and cricket, but no fireworks or procession of boats, made this year's celebrations at Eton a "domestic" festival

***Former Comptroller** to the King when Duke of York, and Extra Gentleman Usher since 1937, Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig, K.B.E., C.V.O., found time to take Lady Greig to Eton to see their only son. They live at Richmond, where Sir Louis is Deputy Ranger of the Park. Lady Greig was Miss Phyllis Scrimgeour, of Wissett Hall, Suffolk*

***Resting on the grass** (left) are Mrs. C. A. Gladstone and her elder son, William. Her husband is a modern language master at Eton, was a prisoner in the last war. She is the daughter of the late Sir Walter Erskine Crum*

***Parents in uniform** included Colonel Whitby and his wife, Lieut. Whitby, a doctor in the R.A.M.C., who were taken by their sons, James, Gordon and David, to watch the cricket. On Agar's Plough, Eton Ramblers declared at 148 for ten wickets, then after lunch the school made 225 for five. One of those bowling for the Ramblers had two days before been at Dunkirk*

***A mother in khaki** was Lady Trenchard, Chief Commandant of the A.T.S., who found time to come to Eton to visit her sons, Hugh and Thomas. She is the wife of Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard, G.C.V.O., Chief of Air Staff in the last war, and Commissioner of Metropolitan Police from 1931 until 1935. Lady Trenchard's first husband, the Hon. James Boyle, son of the seventh Earl of Glasgow, was killed in action in 1914*

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"The Tempest" (Old Vic)

"THE TEMPEST" has always seemed to me the most mysterious, unfathomable and baffling flight of beauty that ever called for an audience of poets. It has the elusive quality of light—the faint-strong smell of the seashore—and the sound, an arcade of sound, is that of a shell against the ear, when all the storms and zephyrs that have ever swept the seas make peace in a cool, echoing whisper. Why is Prospero so cross? Why does he abjure his magic? Why doesn't he keep his word with Ariel? What's all this about hanging garments on a line to vex the louts who masquerade in them? Well, well, little critics shouldn't ask questions. Enough, like Ariel, to drink the air before us. And to thank the Old Vic for a draught of loveliness in these violent, mortal, and suspicious times.

OF all Shakespeare's plays, this, in production, is the most perishable. How to get the flesh and blood out of the actress who plays Miranda? How to get the levity and celerity into the actor who plays Ariel? How to get the fish into Caliban? How to conjure up the miracles conjured up by Prospero between his strange fits of perturbation? To answer this last question, Mr. Oliver Messel, most brilliant of all stage designers, has been called in. He achieves many near-miracles by a careful and sensitive consideration of gauze and effect. But miracles they aren't, and that is a worry. You can't reproduce Prospero's magic one hundred per cent. —and since you can't, wouldn't something more formal, leaving something more to the imagination of those who have got any, serve the purpose better? If the sound of *The Tempest* is the sound of a shell, might not the formality of a shell, with its exquisite and finely-defined convolutions, serve as the best guide for an artist in this case? Mr. Messel's costumes are unexceptionable. And given the approach he has chosen, I know of no other artist who would have got nearer the goal. I question, however, whether the approach is the right one. The attempt to make the pageant really insubstantial is too challenging.

ACTING—well, no, not too good. Mr. Gielgud seems too young, and not impressive or harsh or commanding enough. Miss Jessica Tandy's Miranda looks delicious, but her voice is not harmonious charmingly—and the music of this play must not be marred. Mr. Alec Guinness is preferable to the pudding-Ferdinands we so often see. Mr. Jack Hawkins has some grand moments as Caliban. If he lacks the embryo-human quality that makes Caliban such a marvellous character, his "Get-a-new-master" frenzy is tremendous. Mr. Marius Goring's Ariel has caught some of the ominousness that might have been in Prospero. Trinculo and Stephano, played by Mr. Frank Tickle and Mr. W. G. Fay, come out rather like Tweedledum and Tweedledee—an Irish Tweedledee, which, as they say, makes a change.

Impostor and dirty dog: Duke of Milan (Marne Maitland)

SO does the play, being fire and dew, which is not what one would write of most of the shows of the moment.

(*Photographs of "The Tempest" are on pages* 324-5)

Sketches by Rouson

Creatures of fantasy: Caliban (Jack Hawkins) and Ariel (Marius Goring)

For one performance only: Prospero, a duke who dabbles in magic, puts on a show for the young lovers. (John Gielgud, Jessica Tandy, Alec Guinness)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"EVERY crank is a potential Fifth Columnist," remarked a brass-hat to us the day after the police raid on the Anti-Vivisection League's offices, and though we know one or two very nice and blameless cranks, we could see what the brass-hat meant in theory, namely, that citizens with one or more woozy bees in their bonnet are easily liable to admit a whole hive-full. Hence, we gather, the eye of Authority is fixed on not a few of the numerous little crank societies which flourish in this happy country and nowhere else (barring America), and maybe more than one hairy, ox-eyed figure in pebbly glasses sipping its Veggo may be tapped on the shoulder belong long. Speaking of which ceremony, we have now revised our opinion of A.P.M.s. In the last war we coldly deemed them overbearing fuss-pots, nigglers over gloves and caps, and general quellers of joy; having got to know one now, we realise what a necessary and thankless job they've got. Routine is much the same, apparently, as in 1914-18. One night the boys may be having bottles buzzed at them while cleaning up some murky night-club, the next they are moving in high life and murmuring politely, perhaps, in the ear of some gorgeous Staff-wallah dining in a smart restaurant whose turn-out is perfect except for some small detail which may land him swiftly in the can. For human nature remains human nature, and citizens still dress up as Staff-wallahs now and again in order to dazzle women, it seems. Mostly they fall down on some quite insignificant bit of trinketry which would escape any casual eye but an A.P.M.'s. Anyway, their glory makes some sweet dumb girl's heart beat faster for a brief space, though we gather this is not taken into account by the beaks. "Love is Lord of All," says the official notice decorated with Cupids and lovers'-knots on every A.P.M.'s desk, warning him to look for the love-light and act accordingly.

Double

BEST Film Story of the War, so far, is the revelation by a chap in one of the more excitable dailies that King Leopold of the Belgians is an impostor named Gustav Oldendorff, the real Leopold having been killed in that tragic car-smash with Queen Astrid four years ago, and cunningly replaced by the Nazis. "The plan," averred this citizen, "was worked out by Hitler himself and has been applied to other kings, generals, and statesmen," which certainly opens up wide vistas. Mr. Oldendorff himself must be something of an actor, you'll admit, if he can deceive three children, a Cabinet, a British Ambassador of some years' service, and such acute observers as a well-known British military historian who knows Leopold very well and last talked with him six months ago. Chiefly, in Uncle Crusty's sceptical old view, such a story shows how the carefully-created Hitler Superman Legend, to the gratification of the Wilhelmstrasse, can impress itself on British citizens of—how can one put it nicely?—a romantic temperament. This colossal towering dæmonic figure to whom nothing is impossible, who knows everything and pulls strings everywhere, is admirable propaganda of an obvious kind and a first-class turnip-ghost to frighten children with. The "impersonation" theme, moreover, is clever psychology, for nothing fascinates the populace more than mystery in high places.

However, if Mr. Oldendorff really is responsible for recent acts of Leopold, it's high time the Belgian Cabinet started taking in the British picture-papers, American model. If this particular business didn't interest them they could always look at the Hollywood cuties dressed for bathing.

Flop

MESSAGES from the stars to newspaper astrologers have been so wondrous cockeyed ever since the war began that this truth is now slowly dawning on Fleet Street, we observe, and one paper has already fired its long-established starry adviser, which seems a trifle unfair. It should surely have sacked Saturn and Mars and Venus and all the other Zodiac sweethearts who have been handing out such contradictory and inaccurate dope? It's hardly the astrologers' fault if celestial bodies or buddies have been leading them up the garden, for although no astrologer—as anybody at Greenwich Observatory will tell you—can tell one planet from the next, he is sufficiently well in with the more popular stars to be entrusted exclusively with their prophecies, and he believes them all. Of two things, therefore, one: either the stars have been richly fooling the boys, or (2) the stars don't know the future themselves. It's not for you or us to conjecture which, and if you ask an astronomer, as we did recently, he merely grins like a hyæna and returns to contemplating those cold stellar spaces whose vasty silence so terrified Pascal. From the Astronomer Royal down to the chap who polishes telescope screws, astronomers never get any tips from the stars, apparently, and hence they make far, far less money than the other branch.

As it was an astronomer, Slogger Copernicus, whose heliocentric theory reduced the astrology boys, scientifically speaking, to the level of old village haybags who charm warts, astrologers feel their position keenly and can never say a good word for Greenwich or any other brabling-shop of sophisters. Their daughters, moreover, are instructed to hold their skirts aside and elevate their noses when passing the Astronomer-Royal or any of his staff.

"You realise that's a detective novel you've brought in, Aloysius?"

Welcome

OBSERVING a beautiful new bank to have sprung up on a West End corner, as it were overnight, like some exquisite flower of marble and crystal and mahogany, we couldn't help remembering amid our delight Léon Daudet's sombre saying that in times of national crisis it rains banks. Next day we read with another tiny pang that the opening of new banks in Spain has been prohibited by Government decree for the rest of this year. We then remembered that the Spaniards don't love banks as we do, and are inclined to hate and despise the gentle usurer, as their firm refusal to consider certain foreign loans some time ago indicated. This curious attitude towards our benefactors is one of the many un-English enigmas of Spain which baffle and annoy the Island Race, which gives great honour to the Unproductive Loan and would lay down its life for the Bank of England, a City chap was telling us emotionally. Personally, we'd like to see a fine new bank on every street corner, lending other people's money like billy-ho at high interest and no personal risk. This desire is due to our love for Aunt Barclay, the tenderest old bank in the world, who has always taken us to her bosom and healed our pain at the usual charges. (We came to blows once with a chap who said Auntie Lloyd was *his* idea of a perfect mother. We Barclay boys take offence pretty easily.) Few banks can inspire this passionate, almost filial affection — certainly not Aunt Cox, who raps fellows far too much, though no doubt it is kindly meant—but we hear Aunt Coutts is awfully kind and nice and gives you a consoling glass of old Madeira or sherry and a water-biscuit in the parlour every time you hurt your overdraft. This was once a general custom of London banks in the days of hair-powder, goosequills and silver candlesticks.

Whether the new branch bank we mentioned has a snack bar (free)—the modern development of the sherry-and-biscuit tradition, planned some time ago by the Big Five, ever eager to increase public happiness — we shall discover when it opens.

Bashibazouks

IF the local Landwehr in every other village resembles ours, the force should be a pretty useful auxiliary to the Regulars when the time arrives. In our village not only are about 80 per cent. of us old soldiers, but some of us, like Joe Potts and Henry Glue, have been keeping their eye in for the past twenty-five years by conducting those intermittent blood-feuds on the Afghan or Corsican model common to the English countryside. The switch-over from rook-rifle to Lee-Enfield is a mere bagatelle, and the marksman who can wing our Miss Prune, the organist, thrice at 200 yards, and at dusk, as she zigzags like a woodcock across the darkening loam, could pot a German at 300 with ease, if it were not far better to get him at 50. Meanwhile one or two local shots are still lurking in the *maquis* and unable to join us during daylight, for various reasons. It is etiquette not to hail them unless you are yourself on patrol in the brushwood, when gifts of tobacco, salt, and gunpowder are appreciated. Night patrols combing the woods are especially glad of the advice of George Mangles, who took to the heather a year ago after shooting William Gherkin in the pants and knows the deepest nooks like the back of his hand; a wild, gaunt, hairy figure in sacks and sheepskins, of no great personal charm.

Many old sweats must, like us, be now renewing nightly acquaintanceship with the Great Bear (or Charles's Wain), who still wheels round the sky with as maddening deliberation as he did all those years ago over the front line. The Milky Way (which our fathers called Walsingham-Way) still shimmers and undulates like a veil, Hesperus still burns hard, like a diamond, Mars is fiery as ever. It takes a world-war to make some people contemplate the night sky, and how restorative of values such contemplation is! Even the gossip boys' most exciting playmates don't seem really important for quite a time afterwards.

Voice

MR. MCLAREN (Burslem, Lab.) having announced in the House that Mr. Harold Nicholson's microphone technique often makes him very sick, Mr. Nicholson came back at him very properly with the obvious reply that if Mr. McLaren feels that way, Mr. McLaren is at perfect liberty, as the law stands at present, to switch off. This general liberty we at one time enjoyed so fully that birds nested in our radio. Not that we've any objection to the intimate easy charm of that coffee-in-the-library-Meadows-and-I'm-expecting-a-few-thousand-fellows-to-drop-in-for-a-quiet-chat technique, which seems to raise the McLaren gorge. As radio vocalisation goes it's infinitely more attractive than the Lyceumesque roulades and gargarisations, the adenoidal whifflings, the glandulous exercises of other schools of B.B.C. commentators.

Perhaps the official British radio voice can't help being what it is? Whenever we hear the admirable Raymond Gram Swing, who sounds like somebody with a gizzard full of grit sawing granite logs in a coke-crushing factory during a nor'-east gale, we rise refreshed; a voice like that tans, invigorates, rattles, and takes the skin off your nose. Some of the matter-of-fact French voices, too, rasp very bracingly. Switch back to our home boys and they often sound like Speech Day at Miss Pinkerton's. Short of mixing gravel with their food and crossing them with the offspring of fishwives and regimental sergeant-majors, we can suggest no remedy.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"And you, Mrs. Tirpitz—what do you think of all this Fifth Column nonsense?"

Films of the Day

Ships and Deserts

By George Campbell

Most inventions have the germ of a good film, and you could hardly want better material than Robert Fulton's struggle to finance and build the first steamboat at the beginning of last century. I say the first, though actually he had already experimented with one boat on the Seine. He had got the idea from Watt. Fulton came to England in 1787, with that great American Benjamin Franklin, to study landscape painting, and struck up a friendship with the Duke of Bridgewater and the inventor of the steam-engine. A man of resource and imagination perhaps greater than Watt's, Fulton dreamed of harnessing steam for purposes of locomotion, and in Paris built both a steam submarine, the Nautilus, and a passenger boat. The submarine went down; the river-boat blew up.

Discredited but not defeated, Fulton went back to New York, found a backer in the social leader, Robert ("Chancellor") Livingston, and started building another boat. He was ridiculed and attacked by river hooligans, who thought steamboats would take the bread from their mouths, and if a new film called *Little Old New York* is evidence, the boat was burned after a glorious free-for-all. It was rebuilt, and half New York turned out to see the inventor make a fool of himself. The climax of the film is the trial run, with the great crowd laughing and cheering and jeering as the boat drifts helplessly with the current, puffs and roars like a volcano, wrecks a shed, backs away again, and at last gets under way and steams in triumph up the Hudson. In 1815 Fulton built the first steam warship, of 38 tons—and it is interesting to note that two generations later the British Navy was still propelled mainly by sail, the theory being that, if anything went wrong with the engines, steamships would be at the mercy of foes able to sail all round them. Just why becalmed sailing-ships wouldn't be at the mercy of ships able to steam all round them is something that only a Victorian expert could explain, and in any case has nothing to do with *Little Old New York*.

With such a promising subject the film should have been first-rate. If it isn't, that is because the treatment is banality itself. The people are Hollywood's stock figures, the situations can all be predicted two reels in advance, and the direction and acting are competent, pleasant and wholly uninspired. Richard Greene is the inventor, Alice Faye is an innkeeper who falls in love with him and helps to finance his invention, and Fred MacMurray is wasted on the minor part of a boat-builder.

Ten or twelve years ago a young woman with saucer eyes, seductive curves and flaming red hair appeared with Ernest Torrence in a film based on Sinclair Lewis's *Mantrap*. Now they have remade it in Technicolor, with Ray Milland as an alcoholic doctor ordered to the Canadian backwoods for a rest-cure, Akim Tamiroff as his guide, and Patricia Morison, who made such a sensation as the gun-moll in *Persons in Hiding*, as the guide's city-bred wife. The doctor's leg is damaged by a bear; he is confided to the care of the trapper's wife, and you won't be wholly surprised to learn that they soon fall in love. Being a decent young man, not ungrateful to the guide, he decides to run away, but fate steps in. An epidemic breaks out, the other doctor dies, and the ex-drunkard is left to cope with it alone. His regeneration, worked out against a background of sickness and blizzards, is convincing enough, and the woods, and Patricia Morison's astonishing light blue-green eyes, are at their best in Technicolor. All in all, *Untamed* is better than it sounds.

So, perhaps, is *Safari*, but only just. To Douglas Fairbanks, a white hunter in the African jungle, comes an Italian nobleman (Tullio Carminati) and an English blonde (Madeleine Carroll), who has apparently found his profile and bankroll attractive enough to justify an engagement and a jungle tour, chaperoned by a flighty girl friend. Do I have to tell you that before long the blonde is interested in the hunter, and the baron's spoor is everywhere showing signs of a cloven hoof? He lets his unarmed boy go after a wounded leopard and lose his life, and when the hunter and the blonde stay away all night in the jungle, he promptly plans revenge. This is the first time I have seen Mr. Carminati in an unsympathetic role. He plays it rather well.

Love in the Desert, South and North

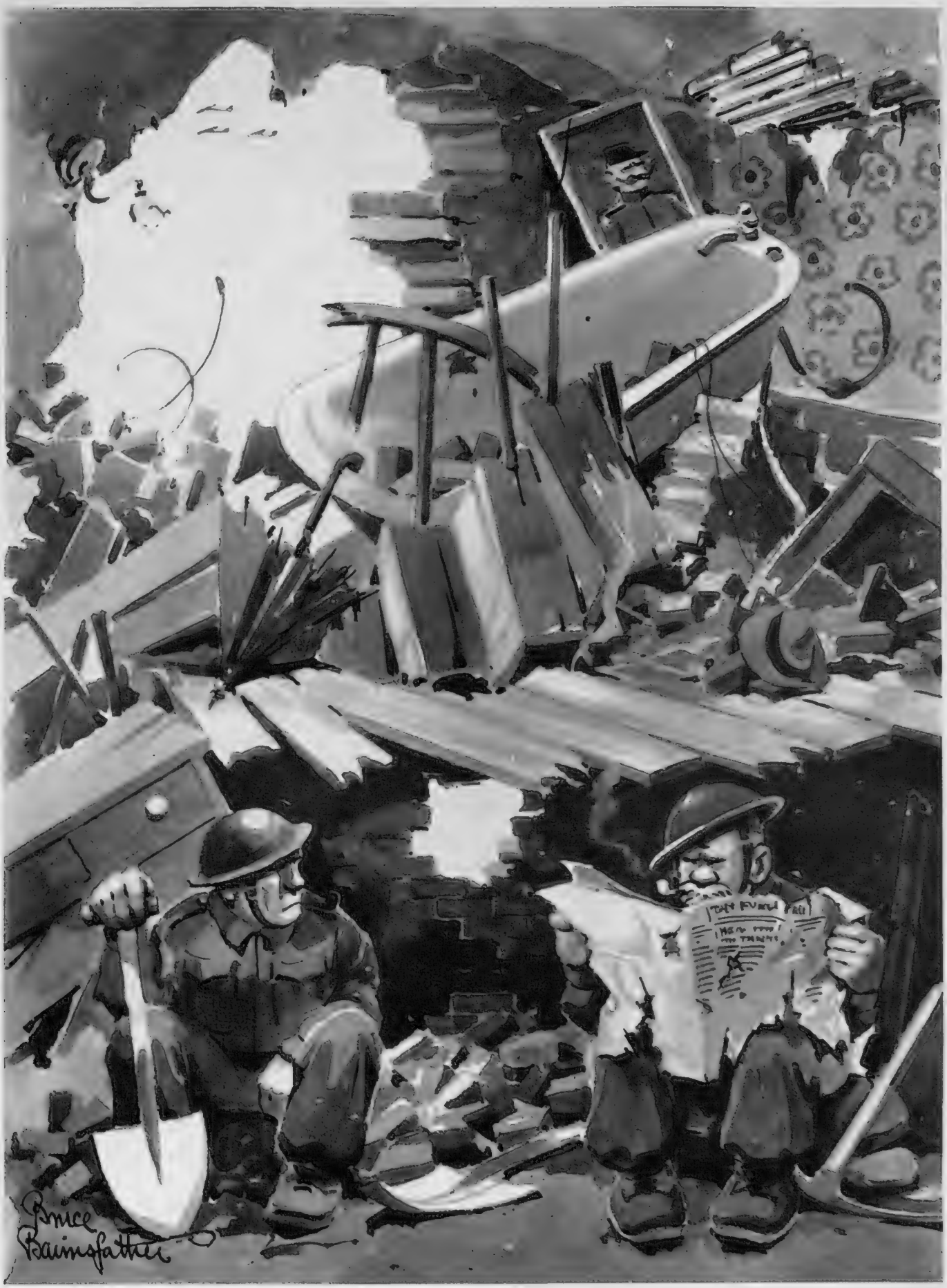
In "Safari," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Madeleine Carroll, as an African hunter and a luxury-loving beauty, are hero and heroine. Tullio Carminati is the villain. "Safari," which has been at the Carlton, was directed by Edward H. Griffith. Madeleine Carroll goes north in her next film for Cecil B. de Mille's "North-West Mounted Police," in which Gary Cooper stars

In "Untamed," Patricia Morison is the wife of a Canadian guide and Ray Milland is a young doctor convalescing in the wilds. The guide husband, who dies in a blizzard, is Akim Tamiroff. George Archainbaud directed this Technicolor picture, shown at the Plaza, and, like "Safari," reviewed by Mr. Campbell on this page

"Swiss Family Robinson," like *Little Old New York* and *Safari*, has a pronounced political tinge. In all three somebody has something unpleasant to say about dictators, ranging from Napoleon to Hitler. Mr. Robinson, head of the well-known family, finds one son longing to be a soldier, another planning a rich marriage preparatory to life spent in emulation of Beau Brummell, and a third priggishly mouthing Marcus Aurelius.

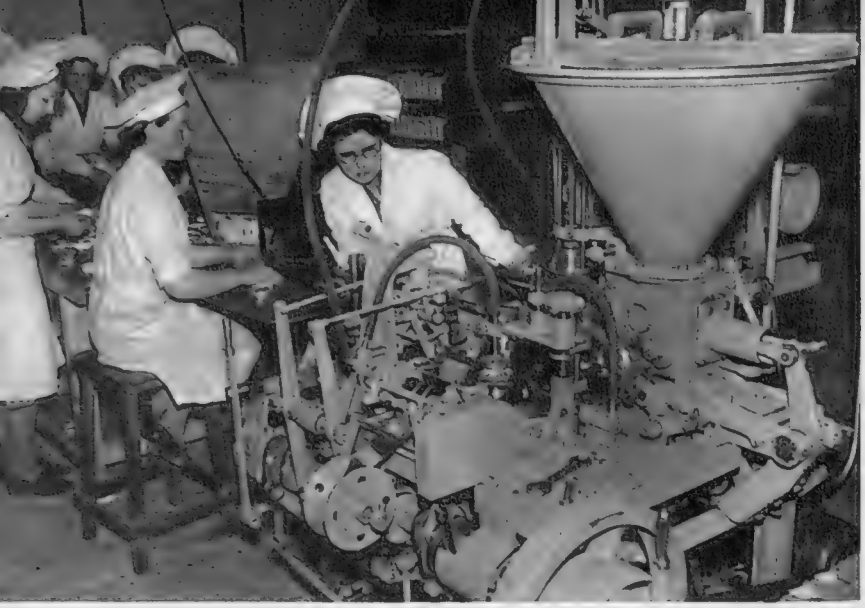
The remedy is desperate. He announces to his thunderstruck family that they are emigrating to Australia. On the voyage out they are wrecked on a desert island, inhabited by more different species of birds and beasts than Regent's Park. What with having to cook the turtle soup, and build a drawing-room for the piano, dress very elegantly for dinner, and listen to Robinson père expound the evils of the world and the virtues of escapism, they have a very tough time indeed, before the boys find that hardships have made men of them. How much simpler and quicker, though possibly not cheaper, it would have been if only Mr. Robinson had taken them to some English hotels we know. . . .

More Fragments From France: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"There 's a map 'ere, mate. I'm just tryin' to find out whether we 're behind the Jerries to-day, or in front of 'em"

c



From Norway, cheese: *a firm by the name of Kavli was set up in the North of England to make soft cheese in the Norwegian style. The machine here, served by North Country girls, shapes and wraps cheese portions at so many a minute*

From Czechoslovakia, corsets: *Mme. Charkasova was a well-known Prague corsetière who had to leave her business behind to the Nazis. Up in the North she started again, teaching English girls her craft (though many a middle-aged woman would insist that a good corsetière is an artist)*

From Germany, adhesive: *at the Ardpreg Works, from old films, washed clear of emulsion an adhesive is made by a German-invented process, which can be used for many purposes.*

Craft Conquest

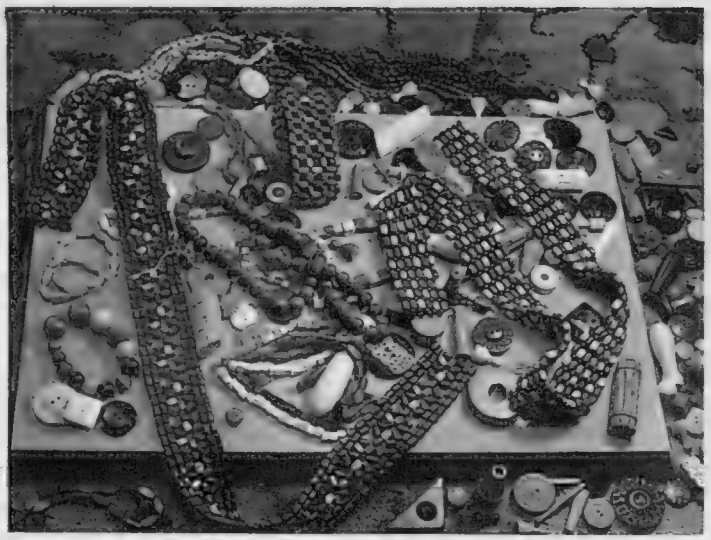
Some New Industries Brought to Great Britain by Her Refugee Guests

Great Britain has always been the gainer in the long run from her hospitality to refugees, and in century after century many a flourishing craft or business owed its success to the brains or manual skill or manufacturing secrets of some fugitive from Continental oppression. Lately the same thing has been happening in the North of England, where the Tyneside Industrial Development Board has brought foreign trade to Britain. Its secretary, Stanley Holmes, travelled widely to make contacts with German, Austrian, Polish, Czech industrialists and experts, discover which were genuine, and arrange for their entry into Britain. Much of this has come to an end: many refugees have been interned, and workers are being drafted from non-essential to armaments industries. But some of the new concerns will go on working for export trade, and in any case the crafts have been learnt here, the workers have gained skill which may find them employment again when guns, tanks and aeroplanes are no longer needed, and the refugees themselves may return in happier days to the new industries they helped to create

From Poland, wallpaper: *the Fancy and Crêpe Paper Mills is a Polish concern successfully set up by a refugee industrialist who came here on the invitation of those in charge of the Team Valley Estate. The workman on the left, Jan Stancsyk, comes from Warsaw. Many out-of-work Durham miners found jobs in this new factory, though probably now, since the intensification of the war effort, they have returned to the trade they were born to*

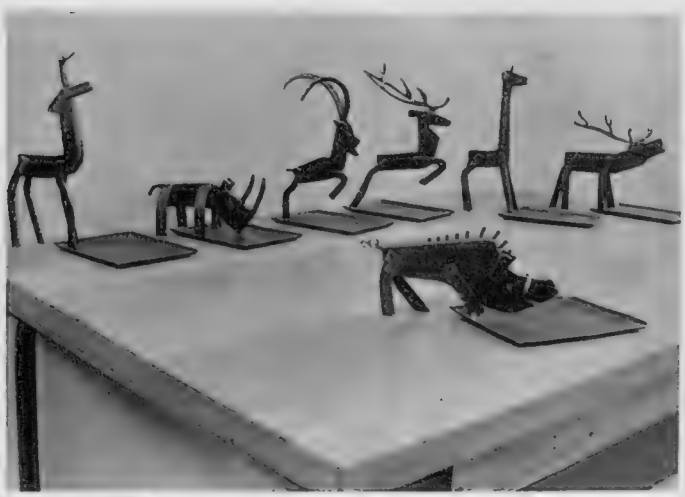
From Germany, belts and buttons: *thousands of pounds of fancy leather goods used to come here from the Continent every day which could have been and now can be made in this country. Above are some of the innumerable belt-designs produced on the Tyneside by this transplanted craft. On the right are wooden belts and buttons made from specially hard wood and secretly processed for polishing and colouring. This German method is now the property of a new British company at Whitley Bay, near North Shields*

Photographs by Kosmos



From Germany, cork-tips: *proprietor of the Metal Paper Works is Alfred Fischl, a German refugee, who brought with him the formulæ for a new British industry. This is the manufacture of cork-tipped paper for cigarettes, a sample of which he is showing above. The process itself could not be photographed, as it is a closely-kept secret*

From Germany, fabrics: *one of the most successful of the "refugee industries" is the Team Valley weaving concern, founded by Adolf Chaskell (below, right). He used to send his patterns to England from Berlin and did a big export trade with us in his tapestry fabrics. When he left Germany he was allowed to take all the contents of his office, from designs to wall-panelling, and also his money, and under the auspices of the Tyneside Industrial Development Board he settled in the North, and began to train British workers to manufacture his fabrics here. Another flourishing concern being built up is a knitwear firm producing the kind of knitted goods formerly imported from Austria and Southern Germany*



From Germany, scrap ash-trays: *now that scrap metal has become a war material, the business of turning it into things like ash-trays and toast-racks and so on must lapse. But the workers trained in two Tyneside factories by a German and an Austrian, refugees from Nazi oppression, to carry out their peacetime designs can easily transfer their newly-gained skill and experience in metal-working to armaments-making*

"T

The Second W

The Tempest has been chosen by the
John Gielgud, who returned to the
was given the task of re-creating
Waterloo Road audiences for his lo
Marius Goring (who is also Ariel) pr
weeks' run, of which a fortnight is no

" A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !
I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man "

Stephano, the drunken butler, is Frank Tickle ; Trinculo is played in full Irish by W. G. Fay ; Caliban, in a fine Messel make-up, is Jack Hawkins

Photographs by Anthony

" O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee ! "

Alonso (André Morell), kneeling, mourns the drowning of Ferdinand ; on the left the whispering pair of villains are Antonio, Prospero's brother (Marne Maitland), and Sebastian, Alonso's brother (Andrew Cruickshank) ; on the right is honest Gonzalo (Lewis Casson)

My fa
Th

Miranda, Jessica Tandy ;

The Tempest"

Wartime Production at the Old Vic

ie Old Vic for the second production of their two-play wartime season. e Vic to play King Lear, now takes Prospero's part, and Oliver Messel Prospero's enchanted island on the stage. He is already known to lovely setting for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. George Devine and produced the play. *The Tempest*, audiences permitting, will have a six- now over. Herbert Farjeon's review of this production appears on p. 317

" Be of comfort ;
father 's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech "

; Prospero, John Gielgud ; Ferdinand, Alec Guinness

" To fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds ; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality "

Marius Goring plays Ariel with fire, speed and strength. Below he makes his harpy appearance with some of his fellow " ministers of fate " who, at the magic banquet offered to Alonso and his companions, mop and mow in double-faced masks

The Hut Buffet *on Plymouth platform was given by the Lord Mayor, Viscount Astor. It is free for members of the Forces, but there is a box for donations which one week collected £10 in pennies. Cornish pasties are a speciality. The Plymouth Townswomen's Guild supplies workers; the two here are the chairman, Mrs. Gully, and Mrs. Evans. 1500 cups of tea are sometimes served in twenty-four hours*

Head *of the voluntary canteen staff at Plymouth's Y.M.C.A. is Mrs. Mill (left), who has a son serving. With her is Miss Winifred Goss, chairman of the Junior Y.M.C.A. Council, who gets up all the entertainments, while Marine Wilcox stands by with reserves of flowers. In peacetime an advertising agent and for seventeen years a pensioner, he supplies flowers to the canteen regularly each week*

"Are You Being Served?"

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

Nos. 9, 10, 11. Y.M.C.A. Canteens at Plymouth, Yeovil and Exeter

Plymouth is very proud of its large, modern Y.M.C.A. Centre, in Union Street, under the Presidency of Lady Dunbar-Nasmith, whose husband, Admiral Sir Martin Dunbar-Nasmith, V.C., is C.-in-C. at Plymouth. It consists of a big canteen, an annexe used as canteen, concert or dance hall by turns, and a hostel where relatives of wounded brought to Plymouth may stay free, or at very moderate cost for those who can afford it. The hostel also cares for survivors from marine losses, and for dependents of the Forces who are themselves ill

Yeovil's Y.M.C.A., another new building, cost £1500. It consists of a long room, capable of accommodating more than 200 men, with a counter at one end, a kitchen, bathroom, three bedrooms, and a sitting-room for the use of the paid full-time staff, which includes Mrs. Vincent, the cook, and the energetic secretary, Mr. Merryfield. The latter not only runs the Penny Bank in which each member has a separate account, but also arranges football and cricket matches for the men. He takes personal charge of all catering, goes out every morning to do the marketing

Exeter, by contrast, has its Y.M.C.A. in a delightful Georgian house in the High Street, which contains two of the many thousand mantelpieces attributed to the Adam brothers. The Secretary, Mr. Gwilym Williams, a native of North Wales, has married recently, and his wife helps as a voluntary worker in the canteen. The membership of this Y.M.C.A. branch is 200, who pay 2d. a week and come regularly for a game of billiards, darts, or table tennis. There is also a small concert hall where variety artists have been giving weekly performances

Y.M.C.A. canteener *for nineteen years, this Leading Seaman, who was wounded on the "Exeter" and still receiving treatment, is here busy composing a poem in honour of retiring secretary Mr. G. A. Hender*

At the counter *the Senior Service is in the majority. Tea-time trade is brisk, and Miss Gage-Goodfellow and Mrs. Axon are kept busy handing out tea and cakes*

A new shift *had just come on duty (left) and lined up for the photographer. These Plymouth workers are Miss Hall, Miss Rashleigh, Miss Vircoe, Miss Hunt, Mrs. Bone, Miss Curtis, Mrs. Axon, Miss Goss, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Jeans, Miss Truscott, Mrs. West*

Home-made cakes *are much in demand at the Exeter canteen. They are made by Mrs. Coldridge, who is just removing a batch from the gas-oven*

Yeovil's Y.M.C.A. *has another unusual feature, much appreciated by the men, in its Penny Bank. It has been instituted by the Secretary, Mr. Merryfield, to whom the R.A.S.C. are applying. Money may be drawn out at will, accounts often amount to several pounds*

Special amenities *at the Yeovil canteen include the "Darn It" corner, where Miss Betty Drake performs a "while-you-wait" job for Pte. Colin Munro*

Washing-up *is on a big scale at the Exeter Y.M.C.A., as between five and six hundred use the premises every day. A panel of sixty provides twelve helpers at a time, in four-hour shifts. Here on duty are Miss Lyons and Mrs. Northcote*

Exeter's *Y.M.C.A. café is small but attractively arranged. Behind the counter, a yard has been roofed over to form a games room. Serving are Mrs. Fenwick and Mrs. Williams, newly-married wife of the Secretary*

Electric bread-cutting *is a great advantage where thousands of sandwiches are needed weekly. This Leading Stoker, a regular helper at the Plymouth canteen, is becoming an expert, but his hands are still scarred from earlier efforts*

Beatrice Appleyard

Non-Stop Ballet Dancer

Beatrice Appleyard is a Windmill Theatre star: she dances, sometimes sings, and is the resident ballet mistress there. Her own training as a dancer was thorough; she went to Ninette de Valois to learn classical ballet and mime when she was fourteen, was one of the original Vic-Wells dancers when the first tiny company was formed, stayed there till Markova left, and then joined the Markova-Dolin company. After eighteen months she left, and started her second career in pantomime, variety, revue. Her own special interest is teaching mime at the R.A.D.A., which she somehow fits in with Windmill classes and long non-stop performances

Can-can with cartwheels *is one of Beatrice Appleyard's high spots at the Windmill, when she sings as well as dances. Last week the Windmill, home of non-stop revue, now in its ninth year, presented the 134th edition of "Revudeville"*

High kicks on points *come easily to ballet-trained Miss Appleyard. For this number she wears the frillies and long black stockings of Bal Tabarin tradition*

Photographs by Anthony

"Serenada" *is a Spanish ballet in the Windmill programme. Beatrice Appleyard has had film jobs besides her stage ones, and it was she who taught Gracie Fields and Oliver Wakefield their tango in "Shipyard Sally"*

"Bystander" Short Story

Treason at the Bus-Stop

Story and Decoration

By Polly Lucas

A YOUNG girl stood by the bus-stop at the corner of the Kurfürstendamm and the Wilmersdorferstrasse. It was early in the morning; the streets were still practically empty; only occasionally a motor or a tram passed. Dustmen were sweeping into heaps the slips of white paper which covered the pavements.

With her shoulders high and her face tucked into her coat-collar the girl tried to expose the smallest possible surface to the attacking cold and the coming day. In her thoughts she searched each hour of that day for the prospect of a few happy moments.

Early rising and the wait for the bus was torture enough; but added to this was the cold and the past sleepless night.

She would be at the office punctually; Heil Hitler!; a pile of circulars would be ready waiting beside her machine to be typed. None of her colleagues would mention last night, about the firing, the falling lights and pamphlets. That was only natural when three party-watchers were in the crowd. At ten o'clock she would have a moment's pleasure when she would eat her bread and margarine, and Elsie Müller offer her a cup of hot blackberry-leaf-tea. Good; then what? From 12-1 instead of lunch-time break there would be collective listening to a broadcast by Ley, the leader of the Labour Front. The office closes at four; the one advantage of being employed by the Wholesale Meat Distributing Department, which opens at seven a.m. But these days one gets no evening to oneself. Already by five she must be present at the Halenseer Frauenschaft to sort the collections of empty tooth-paste tubes for Hitler's birthday. Yesterday it was Winter Relief duty, to-morrow it will be Professional State Course. Not much happiness to look forward to to-day, this week, this month. Cold, typing, listening to speeches, travelling in overcrowded buses, sorting empty tins or tubes, putting pennies into collecting boxes. One goes home, dead tired, to the evening meal, and parents with their anxiety for their two soldier sons.

It would not need much to make her happy. The office work wouldn't be bad if one or two of the girls would dare to be her friends. But when one is the daughter of a former Trade Union Group Leader, who has been in a concentration camp, then the girls do not dare, or the young men either. Oh, well, she could be happy without them, if only she could go home after work, and make life a little easier for her parents. Or if she could go out into the country on Sunday, or have a new dress now and again.

Thinking of frocks she quickly took her hands out of the pockets of her coat, made of ersatz, remembering how soon it would go out of shape; for she had already had half of her clothes coupons, and the year was not yet two months old.

A road-sweeper, an old man with ear-flaps on his cap and black woollen mittens, passed by her near the kerb, pushing a pile of white papers in front of him with his brush. The wind caught one of the slips, lifted it into the air and it dropped in front of her. The girl quickly put her foot on it, but when she saw that one foot did not cover it, she put her other foot on it too. The road-sweeper shuffled past her; she heard his hard breathing and smelled the smoke of dried herbs which came from his pipe. Then she was alone again at the bus-stop. She took her feet off the leaflet and tried to read what was written on it, but the wind carried it a few paces farther on. She began to walk up and down without taking her eyes from the leaflet. When she got near to it she tried again to read it. Again it fluttered in the wind, this time into the roadway. The girl followed it, looking first right and then left as if to see whether her bus were coming. No one was near. She bent down, tied her shoe tighter, then looked all round, picked up the leaflet quickly and put it in her pocket. She stood for a few moments with her head bent, looking contemplatively at her shoes as though wondering if both ends of the laces were the same length. Her heart thumped against her ribs. Why should a piece of paper matter so much, she tried to persuade herself. She turned round and stepped back on to the pavement. An S.S. man was standing a yard away from her with his face turned to her. Had he been there all the time? He must have seen it! He can only have come out of one of the nearby houses. He *must* have seen it! Her heart dropped into her stomach. She took a few steps forward then started briskly to walk up and down swinging her bag as though nothing had happened.

The S.S. man followed her with his eyes. The first time she passed him he looked at her feet; the second time at her waist, and when at the third look he reached her face, she smiled faintly, turning her head and looking at him out of the corners of her eyes. The S.S. man made as if to smile too. He cleared his throat, holding his leather gloved hand to his mouth. Then he stamped his feet in a military fashion. The girl stood still a few paces from him. "Here comes my bus," she said to herself, "God, let him take the number '9.' Don't let him get in with me."

In the bus she found herself wedged between two workmen out of whose pockets stuck enamel coffee cans. When she looked over her shoulder she could see the black stuff and the metal buttons with the swastika of the S.S. man's uniform. At the Bleibtreustrasse the workmen got out, but the bus filled up, and she was now standing pressed against the S.S. man. She tried her smile again, "Never mind what happens. If only he doesn't follow me to the office and report to the party-watcher. He *must* have seen it!" Her hands trembled as she searched her bag for the money for her fare.

"Late for the office, Miss?" she heard a voice whisper into her ear. Turning round she saw his pink face and looked into cold blue eyes. She saw a fair moustache over a mouth which smiled shyly. The mouth could not have belonged to a boy of over twenty.

"That's quite likely. I'm generally late," the girl replied. The tightness round her heart relaxed and her face began to beam with relief. "He has no idea," she thought to herself. "No police, no prison, no concentration camp." She would go home to-night to her parents and to her own bed. She could have kissed him.

The S.S. man watched her sidelong; saw her purse her mouth as if she were going to kiss the air. Then he looked at her neck where a plait of fair hair was pinned, just as his "Führer" expected of true German women. He found the small person who thus stood pressed against him quite to his taste. The prettiest point about her was her little feet, which, however, were not now to be seen.

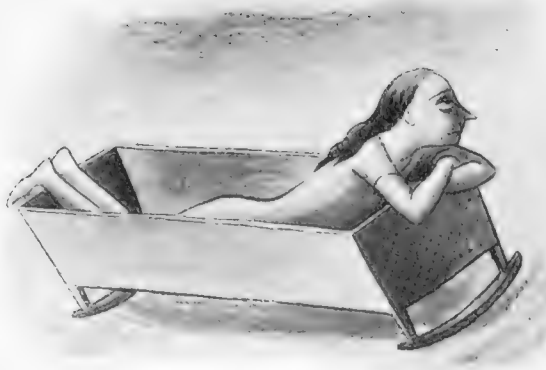
"I say—er—I must get out in a minute—would you—er—care to go to the cinema or perhaps for a walk first? Or we could go and have coffee at the 'Femina'?"

The girl searched his face, but when she looked at the swastika on his cap she just bit her underlip with her small white teeth and nodded without a word.

(Concluded on page 339)

Why should a piece of paper matter so much?

Scare



Melancholia

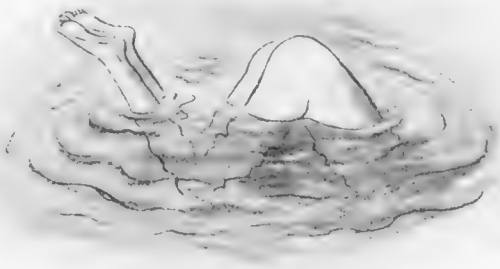
"About People"

A Second Steig Selection

Two weeks ago we reproduced a few of William Steig's collection of symbolical drawings which he has published in America as a book called *About People*. (Later it may be published in England.) Here are some more of what Steig's brother describes as "deliberate intellectual criticisms of the social order, couched in psychological terms." Arthur Steig, the artist's brother, writes a very serious introduction to a book most people will buy to laugh over. But, he says, "Most of these drawings are good to laugh at. Some will find it difficult to laugh, because they cannot participate freely in satire—inhibited in their enjoyment by the scruple that satire is 'destructive.' But anything that can honestly be laughed at should be laughed at. All honest humour is *constructive* in that it manipulates the victory of basic human values over social values that are wholly or partially fraudulent"

Man at a musicale

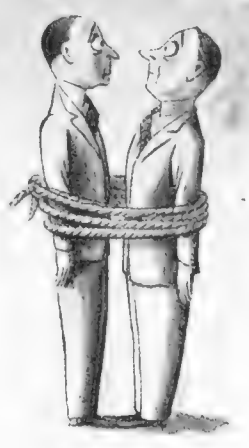
Serene feeling



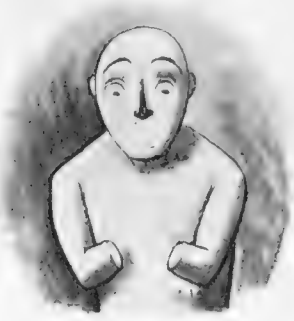
Man hatching a plot

Poise

Intermediary



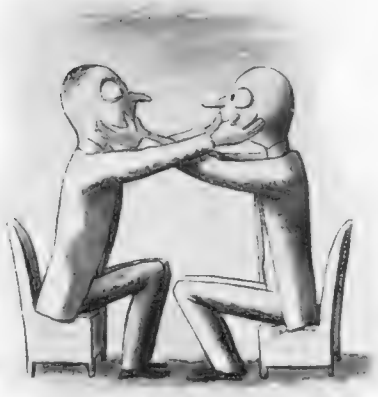
Mutual embarrassment



Loss of a memory

Courtship

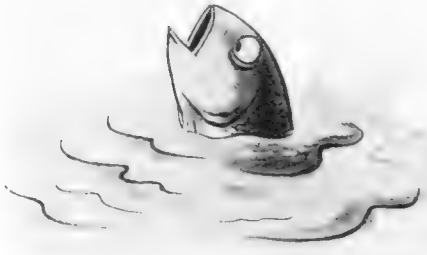
Man who wishes not to be forgotten



Feeling of detachment

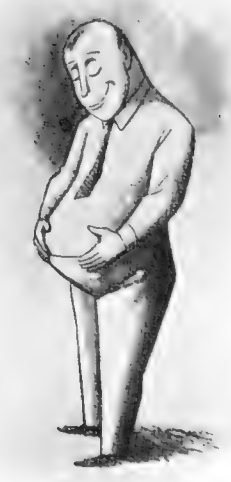
Anxiety

Affectionate woman



Nausea

Leavetaking



Indisputable possession

Conviction of being unique

Summer Accessories

A new hat is as good a tonic as ever, and Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road, have a collection that will give fresh life to your summer clothes. The model above, made entirely of geranium flowers, with long satin ribbons, looks charming with prints or as an unexpected finish to a black suit. Another hat here is in chalk-white jersey, firmly stitched, with grapes and vine-leaves curling over the brim

Wearing shorts is a good way of saving frocks in the country or in the garden, but they must be expertly tailored if they are still to hang well after hard wear, like the Dunlop ones above. These are cut with a front flap, buttoned at each side, to give a smooth line over the hips. In Air Force blue, they go well with summer tops, and can be bought at good shops all over the country

Simple and tailored, the blouse on the left looks as attractive with a flannel skirt in the country as with a classic suit in town. It is of linen, in most of the pastel shades, and comes from the collection of young-looking blouses at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. These are inexpensive, and include cool summer models in check muslin and a gay cocktail blouse in flowered chiffon

Good-bye to America

Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier Are Coming Home to Do War Work

Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier conclude their wildly successful American visit this week. They are coming back to England to work for the Ministry of Information, by whom it was announced "their offers of service have been accepted." Laurence Olivier, of the pair of them, got the first American break when he was cast for Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights*. Then Vivien Leigh staggered the English-speaking world by being chosen for Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind*, and gave everyone another shock of surprise by playing the part brilliantly. Next, Olivier played Max de Winter in *Rebecca*, which broke records in New York. Their last films are *Waterloo Bridge* (Leigh), and *Pride and Prejudice* (Olivier). Finally, they have been playing *Romeo and Juliet* on Broadway. America has enjoyed their representation of Shakespeare's love-story, because they are so much in love themselves and will marry when divorce decrees are final. Says *Life*: "They will then join the select company of great American lovers—the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie, and John Smith and Pocahontas, who loved before their time"

***"Bundler"** is Vivien Leigh's role in her New York off-time, and Laurence Olivier goes with her to the Bundles for Britain office and domestically holds her wool for winding. The "Bundles" organisation knits and collects comforts for British serving men. Before the Olivier-Leigh team came west in "Romeo and Juliet" (stage), Laurence Olivier finished making "Pride and Prejudice" (film), in which he co-stars with Greer Garson*

***Ballet dancer** is Vivien Leigh's role in "Waterloo Bridge," a screen version of Robert Sherwood's play, in which she stars with Robert Taylor. She is a trained dancer, only needed three weeks' coaching from Marie Matray (in coat and slacks). The blonde dancer is Virginia Field. New York critics liked Miss Leigh even better in this film than as Scarlett O'Hara*

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Cory-Wright — Elwes

The wedding of Captain Julian Cory-Wright, Hertfordshire Yeomanry, and Susan Esterel Elwes took place quietly at St. Mary's, Cougham, Norfolk. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Cory-Wright, of the Manor House, Knebworth, Herts., and the Cottage, Brancaster, and she is the eldest daughter of Robert Elwes, of Cougham House, King's Lynn, and the late Mrs. Elwes

Leeming — Holdsworth

Surgeon-Lieut. John Arnold Leeming married Jean Holdsworth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Knight Holdsworth, of Wellsfield, Bickley, Kent, at St. George's, Bickley. He is the only son of Arnold Leeming, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Leeming, of Rayrigg, Cheltenham

Preston — Cooper

Dennis Anthony Gurney Preston, of Slaugham Park, Sussex, and Anne Josephine Cooper were married at Warblington Church, Hants. He is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Preston, of West Wickham, Kent, and her parents are Commander P. F. Cooper, R.N., and Mrs. P. F. Cooper, of Royston, Havant, Hants.

Bowly — Parkes

Major Horace Edward Bowly, Warwickshire Regiment, and Divna Parkes were married at Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon. He is the only son of Colonel and Mrs. W. A. T. Bowly, of Commandant's House, Duke of York's Royal Military School, Dover, and she is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Parkes, of the Dial House, Alveston, Stratford-on-Avon

Pryor — Robertson

2nd Lieut. Robert Matthew Marlborough Pryor, Royal Artillery, youngest son of Colonel and Mrs. W. M. Pryor, of Lannock Manor, Hitchin, Herts., married Barbara Helen Robertson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Manning Robertson, of Huntington Castle, Co. Carlow, Ireland, at Chelsea Old Church

Renwick — Clark

Officer Cadet Hugh M. Renwick married Laura Moubray Clark at St. Columba's, Pont Street. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Barr Renwick, of Millburn Tower, Midlothian, and she is the elder daughter of Sir Thomas Clark, Bt., and Lady Clark, of 6, Wester Coates Road, Edinburgh

Clement Brown — Booth

F./O. Jack Clement Brown, only son of W. Clement Brown, of Toronto, Canada, and Joan Elizabeth Booth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Booth, of Redroofs, Cliftonville, Kent, were married at St. James's, Piccadilly

Harlip

Diana Hawtrey Deane

Is the daughter of Commander R. H. Deane, R.N., and Mrs. Deane, of Warninglid Grange, Sussex; will marry John Noël Ormiston Curle, Irish Guards and H.M. Diplomatic Service, son of the late Major W. S. N. Curle, and Mrs. Curle. Miss Deane and her fiancé are both well-known ski-racers

Catherine Bell

Betty Harrison

Frances Elizabeth Harrison has announced her engagement to William Charles Edward Bacon, only son of the late Harold Bacon, and Mrs. Bacon, of Aylmersfield, Hales Barn, Cheshire. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Harrison, of 49, Cadogan Place, S.W.1

Bassano

Barbara Maeveen Blundell Brown

Is engaged to A. Creagh Gibson, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Blundell Brown, of Earls Colne Place, Earls Colne, Essex, and he is the only son of Capt. and Mrs. T. G. Gibson, of Welham Hall, Malton, Yorks. She is now a V.A.D. They will be married when leave permits

Pearl Freeman

Joanna Crawfurd

Is the youngest daughter of the late Lionel Payne Crawfurd, D.D., Bishop of Stafford, and Mrs. Crawfurd, of Wetwood Manor, Eccleshall, Staffs. She is engaged to Richard Carson Hulbert, Royal Artillery, elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. G. Hulbert, of Mayfield, Hartley Wintney, Hants.

Lenare

Felicia Dorothy Perks

Is engaged to marry Robert Lyle, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lyle, of Little Bathampton, Wylye. She is the younger daughter of Sir Malcolm Perks, Bt., and Lady Perks, of 40, Berkeley Square, W.1. Sir Malcolm is chairman of the firm that built the Singapore naval base; Lady Perks is American

Lenare

Victoria Ellen Weston-Stevens

Is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. Weston-Stevens, of Woolley Cottage, the Thicket, Maidenhead. She is engaged to Raymond Cecil Palmer, elder son of the Hon. Cecil and Mrs. Palmer, Fernhurst, Pinkneys Green, Berks., and grandson of Lord Palmer

Fayer

Rachel Irby

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Greville Irby, of Manor Fields, Putney Heath. Her father is nephew of and heir-presumptive to Lord Boston. She has announced her engagement to Darsie Rawlins, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rawlins, of King's Lane, Great Missenden, Bucks.

Lenare

Diana Gundreda Malden

Is engaged to Sub-Lieut. W. Gordon Smith, R.N.V.R., elder son of Sir Robert Smith, M.P., and Lady Smith, of 43, Eaton Square, S.W.1, and Crowmallie House, Aberdeenshire. She is the only daughter of the late Major C. H. Malden, and Mrs. Charles Malden, of House of Aquahorthies, Aberdeenshire

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Shades of the Prison House

By V. S. Pritchett

THOSE who read Mr. Jim Phelan's *Lifer* guessed there was an autobiographical story behind it. Here it is: *Jail Journey* (Secker and Warburg; 12*s.* 6*d.*). Its importance as a study of the English prison system from the inside is steadied by its lack of hysteria; it is an astonishing and moving human document of considerable literary value. It states the facts as they were observed by a man not merely of intelligence—intelligence is pretty common in jails—but of intellect and above all character. As for reforms—well, Mr. Phelan does not suggest any. He is against adding to the amount of official paper which encloses the convict even more effectively than stone walls. Among prison writers he is a sort of Tory anarchist who despises the liberals as miners despise those who make their trade safer, having the strong suspicion that reforms are passed merely to make the prison system sound well in Parliament and are a fresh means for persecuting the prisoner. For example, the regulations permitted some talking at Maidstone. But warders could and did still shout, "No talking," and a man was punished not for talking, which was allowed, but for disobeying orders.

Mr. Phelan got a life sentence for shooting a man and spent it in "reformed" Maidstone, in Dartmoor and at Parkhurst. He is no whining sentimentalist with about the usual anti-warder and anti-prison governor and visitor stories. At critical moments he received great consideration or, shall we say, normal human help and understanding. He set out to preserve his mind and soul, to prevent himself from drifting into apathy and madness; and to observe everything he heard and saw, like an anthropologist. Prison life is a small, savage, totalitarian culture established in our midst, which has not made up its mind whether to kill or cure. Its main difference from other totalitarian states is that it is cut off from normal sexual outlets. Mr. Phelan found sixty different kinds of sexual perversion or, alternatively, a large number, as in totalitarian Germany, sadistic.

Silence and secrecy are the framework within which the prisoner works. The senses become more acute. A prisoner can smell a warder far off; he can smell the fag-end which is in the next pocket; he can smell if a warder has an onion on him, and whether that onion is actually a shallot. He lip-reads; he hears every word of the hardly audible hiss which is prison language. In the end he *knows* everything that is happening in the prison and in everyone's mind. The saliva on a warder's lips, the position of his hands, the faintest nerve movements of the face tell him everything. He can divine, hours beforehand, for example, when there is going to be a general search. Apart from the thieves' slang and other dialects which are brought into prisons, there is the general prison language and manner of approach. The former has the words which denote the important features of the life: a "mug" is the new prisoner with his special psychology, a "grass" who "grasses" you is one who is either employed by the officials to spy on you or does so in order to start a "mix." You are in a

Literary agent *Raymond Savage recently acted for Sir Nevile Henderson when Hodder and Stoughton published the ex-Ambassador's "Failure of a Mission." Mr. Savage has just disposed of the world film and dramatic rights of the book to a British company*

"mix" when, say, a cigarette-end is planted in your pocket without your knowing it, so that the warder may discover. A "mix" frequently starts out of jealousy arising in the prison love-affairs. "Coming pious" explains itself; there is an amusing portrait of an exquisite pansy faking religious conversion in chapel.

The prison mind approaches all subjects secretively and obliquely. The whisper in the lavatory or on the stairs merely drops a hint. Indeed, Mr. Phelan (being of Irish peasant stock) took easily to the cunning within cunning which was necessary. Never ask for what you want; pretend not to want it and you will get it. At Dartmoor he wanted to work outside in the fields, so he always pressed to be kept in the forge. He longed to go to Parkhurst, on grounds of ill-health. He therefore protested he was well and wanted to stay in Dartmoor.

Every prisoner goes through an escape period. He plots to get out. This leads Mr. Phelan to his most extraordinary chapter, which, apart from showing how simple it is to circumvent prison censorship and to plot with friends outside, is fascinating psychologically. His practically wordless duel with a profoundly experienced and friendly warder is absorbing.

SHADES of the prison house obviously threaten Mr. Joyce Cary's delightful "lousy Charley," the London "vackie" of *Charley is My Darling* (Michael Joseph; 9*s.*). This is an engaging non-sentimental book about the monstrous animals called little boys. It gets the boy's animal eye, his present-tense mind, his comparative lack of memory. Charley is the bad "vackie." Timid, and outcast because he has had to have his hair cropped, he sets the Devonshire village by its ears, simply fulfilling his day-dreams. He lets out the bull, he steals cars, raises money by robbing the bicycle baskets of ladies; and, fed on gangster literature where he has read of the generous habits of gangsters to their "molls" and their gangs, he loudly goes into jewellers and buys them watches and jewellery. Charley's crimes are touchingly non-criminal. In America, that boy's own country, he would pass. In England he gets "the remand home." People who have been driven mad by evacuees may recover sanity, humour, and perhaps understanding by reading it. The dialogue is excellent. I don't remember reading boys' talk so faithfully recorded:

"Ow about it, Bill?"
"Ow about wot?"
"My gang—wot you call it."
"That aint a gang. Thass a Sunday school treat. Ark the erald angels sing. Lousy 's going to show us something."
"E strung you along on that yarn. Bellimey—wot's your front name, Paddy Green?"

The parson appears, greets them and goes off, followed by Bill imitating his gait. "Gawd bless you, my children—ave you used Pears soap," coos Bill. . . . Then, unable to repress some mysterious excitement, he dances about the road, making obscene gestures one after another and ends up with a yell like a railway whistle: "Hi, mister, yer trahsers is coming down."

Few writers know anything about "common" children. They are more familiar with the well-brought-up boy whose vocabulary is limited to what is sanctioned by the school jail—"Rot—Silly ass, etc."—which has not been enriched by the street jungle. Mr. Cary has already shown a special sympathy with the inarticulate, the underdog. Their life has an almost unexplored wealth.

"COME ANOTHER DAY," by Pat Mullen (Faber; 10*s.* 6*d.*), is the autobiography of Man of Aran, and as an account of the struggle of the peasant to escape brutalisation in modern life and to preserve his mind, can be compared to Mr. Phelan's. Mr. Mullen emigrated to America, where so many of his fine peasant countrymen go downhill and become "Irish scum" on the road gangs and the rackets, because their qualities belong to a more naïve, heroic age. On the Celtic fringe, a brawl may be Homeric; a drunk may be Dionysiac and feats of strength historic wonders; in urban life they lead not to tribal kingships but to the police-station. Mr. Mullen gives a simple picture of a now familiar down-and-out America and a pathetic account of the sacrifices of manhood necessary to making good in urban life. He went back to Aran and discovered he had a mind.

(For a list of novels, see page 339)

"Both Schweppes, sir"
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.
Schweppes
INDIAN QUININE
SCHWEPPES
Ginger
Dry

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Cups and Cards

An apology is owing. A few weeks ago this page remarked that, whilst the mothers of Middlesex were nobly augmenting the future sides for the men's county championships, the women's teams had been badly left out. It was only after writing it that news reached me of not merely one but two little Miss Mackenzies, to whom my apologies must be tendered with plenty of good wishes. Their mother was a constant Bystander competitor as Miss Cheatle, often partnering Mrs. Watson; their father is known wherever the word Stanmore is known. Mrs. Mackenzie will certainly have her hands full, but there is no doubt that the daughters will be brought up in the way they should go. Golfing sisterhoods are common enough, but so far, in spite of repeated gallant attempts on the part of the Misses Grahame of North Berwick, no twins have ever inscribed their names on a Bystander cup. Perhaps somewhere in the late 1950's we shall see the Misses Mackenzie so doing.

Which reminds me that the holder of one of the Bystander cups has just written to ask me where she shall send it for safe keeping, she herself being with an ambulance detachment in London, and the cup in a somewhat unhealthy spot at her own home, where the said holder's mother is worried about its well-being. "Had I been at home," writes the holder, "I should have kept it—and in the event of a raid, I should have turned it upside down and crept underneath it!"—a remark which may be taken as a subtle compliment to the size and solidity of the cup, or a pleasing gesture of defiance at the marksmanship of Hitler's murdermen. This particular golfer would, I fancy, cheerfully face up to any number of parachutists or bombs without turning a hair. She nursed (having probably done a little juggling with the old birth certificate) through the last war at Endell Street, that magnificent hospital staffed wholly by women except for a few orderlies, and there was consequently little enough which she did not have to cope with there.

A goodly sprinkling of cards this month shows that the fine weather, Red Cross competitions and the like have induced people to play. The need for air and exercise is urgent in such hours as anybody can get off work. And perhaps some, whose courses may be regarded as likely landing-grounds for enemy 'planes, with fairways therefore earmarked for trenching, are having hasty last rounds before that happens. I had nearly, the golfing instinct being still strong, written "that desecration." That would, of course, have been worse than absurd. Even from a golfing point of view, who knows that a good old-fashioned cross hazard of a trench would not improve many a long straight hole of undue dimensions? It would be interesting both to think of those holes, and to hear from any clubs who have carried out such aids to the L.D.V.'s (how initial-ridden we do all become). But maybe the enemy might hear, too, and act accordingly. However, if anybody likes to tell me privately, I will guarantee to wrap up the information discreetly enough, rather after the manner of a B.B.C. parlour game. For instance, trenches are being dug where an almost flat stretch of ground contains both first and eighteenth holes; a burn (perhaps that makes it too easy; shall we say a winding ribbon of running water?) guards the first green; the seashore awaits an outrageous slice; if the wind blows a gale against, you may have to play short with your second at the first hole, and if so jitters may assail the bravest when she takes out her No. 6 for the pitch over the b——. And so forth and so on. Quite an entertaining Standard Quiz might be evolved; some week when the silly season is upon us, we will see what can be done about it. The resources of the Royal and Ancient game for entertaining in times of stress need by no means be confined to those who have time to go and swing a club.

Mrs. Porter, who was runner-up in the English championship of 1930, having taken to golf as a poor consolation for hunting, never went a railway journey without riding an imaginary run over the country seen from the window. It generally ended, she used to say, in some totally unjumpable fence or other impasse, but was quite good fun for a field or two. In like fashion, some of us nowadays only play the golf we can see from the train. For myself, that means a daily diet of West Byfleet, Thames Ditton and Coombe Wood. Byfleet is looking extraordinarily attractive just now; in normal times it would be thronged of an evening, particularly a Sunday evening. But the last Sunday evening that I passed through it was about seven o'clock and the sunshine was heavenly; the course seemed deserted, except for one couple who were sitting close to the line, waving to the weary but undaunted men from the B.E.F., whose long trains were rumbling past. I have a notion that any golfers who played over that week-end must have had half an eye on the railway, and have felt for once how entirely immaterial the game was so long as train after train rolled by, with men, and more men, snatched out of hell.

"Bystander" Monthly Spoon Competition

In accordance with the present wartime arrangement to award spoons in proportion to the number of cards received in each division, the following winners are announced for May—

Silver Division (handicaps up to 18)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Joan Pemberton	Birkdale	74	4	70	76	6 below

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Mrs. Abbots	Northampton ..	88	19	69	74	5 "
Mrs. E. C. Banks ..	Freshfield	97	30	67	72	5 "

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the Bystander *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* Bystander *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

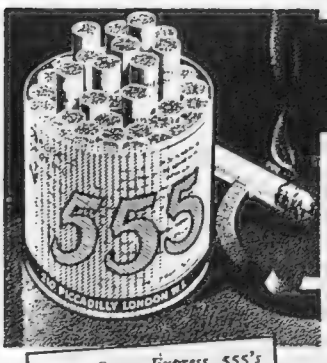
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

JUNE

Name { Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....

.....



100 State Express 555's may be sent DUTY FREE to H.M. Navy and B.E.F. for 4/-, postage paid.

STATE EXPRESS 555

As smoked by those who prefer Quality

Men in the higher ranks of life, in the Services and in private life, prefer really fine cigarettes to a few more of an ordinary brand. They smoke 555's because they have proved for themselves that no finer cigarette is obtainable.

THE BEST CIGARETTE IN THE WORLD

Treason at the Bus-Stop

(Continued from page 329)

"Free on Saturday afternoon? Splendid! At four then, under the clock at the Zoo station? Fine! Be punctual, little lady, won't you? At the Zoo at four!"

"Just a minute; by the way: what is your name? I am Gertrud Köpke. Trudchen? Yes, if you like." That is what she said to him. But what she said to herself was this: "If you think that my father's daughter will walk out with an S.S. man, you are wrong. Neither is my name Trude Köpke. And here you will get a present into the bargain." With that she slipped the leaflet from her pocket into his, as the bus lurched and threw her against him.

Then she called after him, "What did you say? Helmuth Krause? Right you are. Saturday at four at the Zoo!"

"Heil Hitler!" shouted Helmuth Krause, jumping off the bus at the Potsdamer Platz. He walked striding towards the Tiergarten, the smile still on his lips as he thought of the smart little piece: neat and fair, pretty teeth, small straight nose, apparently no alien blood. Perhaps a bit too sensitive for much child bearing. But after all they had not got as far as that. First he must look into the family; she might have a father or a brother with a bad record.

Lucky day to-day. The little girl in the bus, and now his mission to the Propaganda Ministerium. It's sure to develop into more important business when he has handed over the letter. He will be asked his opinion. The Ministerialrat will notice that he is a bright fellow and will make a note of him for when there is a special job to do. A lucky day for a good-looking, tall, fair S.S. man.

HELMUTH KRAUSE lifted his head, clicked his heels and said, "Heil Hitler."

Ministerialrat Dr. Stöckel looked up from his papers and said, "Morning, Parteigenosse Krause. Please, wait a moment. I must just get out the bulletin for the twelve o'clock news broadcast. Please, sit down."

Then he read again the Ministerial ruling for general release of news for to-day. He read that during last night *no* British 'planes were over Germany or Berlin. Very well. The Minister would say one day that the sky was green and he, Dr. Stöckel, would put it into plausible words for broadcasting. And the public would believe it. For two or three minutes his pen scratched away. The process had become so easy, he no longer needed to torture his brain. One can get used to anything.

"Now, let us see, Parteigenosse!"

Helmuth Krause sprang to his feet, slapping his heels together. From the pocket of his black coat he drew a thick envelope, and with his eyes "front" like a soldier he handed it to the Ministerialrat. Again he clicked his heels.

But with the envelope he had handed one of the leaflets which British aircraft had dropped during the night and which a young girl had put into his pocket.

The Krauses, who lived in Berlin-Charlottenburg, waited in vain that evening for their youngest son to come home.

When the young girl read in the newspaper some weeks later that an S.S. man called H. Krause had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for treason, she had long ago forgotten who H. Krause was. She had no idea that she was the cause of his imprisonment. Neither had he. [THE END.]

The "Bystander" Bookshelf *(Cont. from page 336)*

HERE is a list of the more interesting recent novels:

The Adventurer. By Anne Meredith. (Faber; 8s. 6d.)
A Lion in the Garden. By G. B. Stern. (Cassell; 8s. 3d.)
Envoy on Excursion. By Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon. (Michael Joseph; 8s.)
Kind Are Her Answers. By Mary Renault. (Longmans; 8s. 6d.)
Glasgow Keelie. By John McNeillie. (Putnam; 8s. 6d.)
Sun on the Water. By L. A. G. Strong. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
The Crazy Hunter. By Kay Boyle. (Faber; 8s. 3d.)
The West Wind of Love. By Compton MacKenzie. Chatto and Windus; 9s. 6d.)

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Motoring Commentary

By "Spare Wheel"

This is a Motor War

STATEMENT of a French tank officer: "So far I have never seen a German soldier on foot and I have been on both the Meuse and Aisne fronts. They are on motor-cycles, in tanks or on lorries." Ours is a mechanised army, too, but we should be happier in our minds now and better armed to meet the struggle ahead if we had been more of a motor-minded people in peace.

What a difference now in the attitude of the powers that be to the motor industry and motor trade. For the first eight months it was a kind of parasite; except in so far as it had turned over its energies to making aeroplanes, its production of cars and its servicing and repair of motor-vehicles were just a drain on the limited supplies of skilled craftsmen and mechanics. But now see what happens when Lord Beaverbrook, in his determination to speed up the 'plane output, calls for all motor mechanics to throw up their jobs and stream into the aircraft factories. "Hold hard," cries the Minister of Supply; "don't be in a hurry. We shall want you in the garages to help repair Army vehicles."

The demands on our transport systems are going to become heavier and heavier, and the railways are already struggling with more than they can cope with efficiently. They are not expansible—and they are terribly vulnerable. Every motor-vehicle the nation possesses may be pressed into service before this year is out. And except for purely military vehicles and for export, the motor industry has practically been forbidden to make motor-cars ever since the war began. We should now be glad of twice the number of trained motor mechanics and twice as many lorries as we have got, and for the lack of both we have to thank a Government policy of bolstering up the railway and restricting the motor.

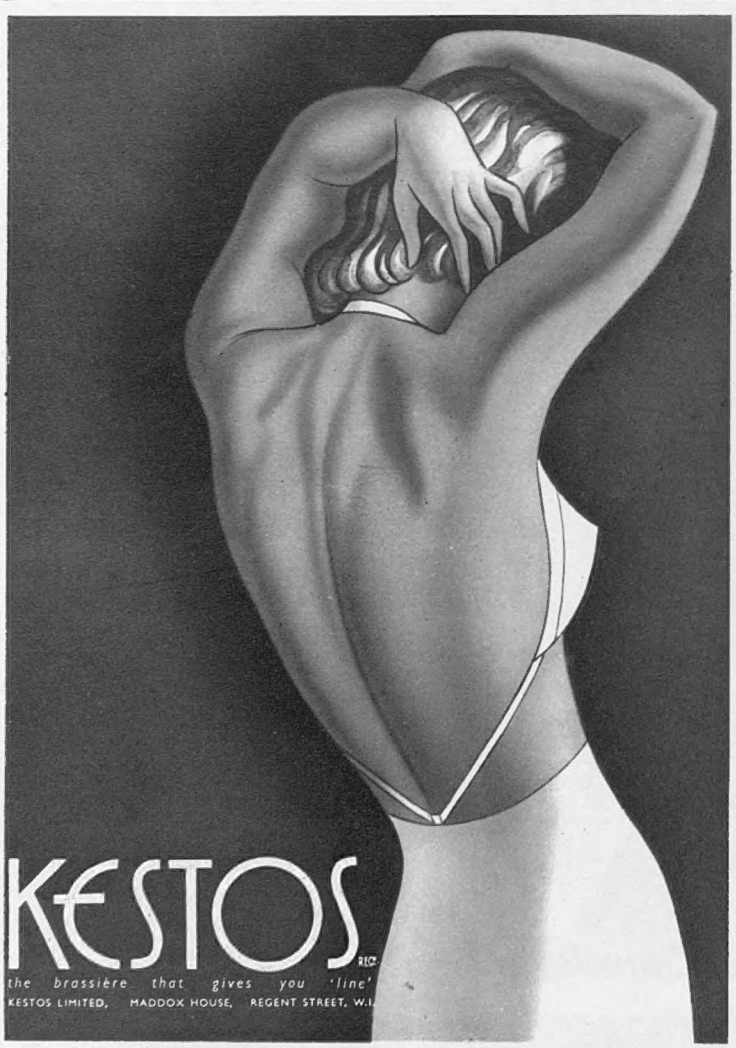
In the same bitter fashion we are paying for the official attitude towards speed, the "craze for speed," as Whitehall called it. The Germans built their roads to make high speeds possible; they encouraged and exulted in their buses and lorries and coaches scheduled to do long journeys at 50 and 60 miles an hour. The Nazi régime encouraged the building of racing-cars, not merely as world-wide propaganda for Germany, but more practically to make the nation motor-minded and motor-proud and speed-conscious. They encouraged motor-cycle speed trials, they had started the hugely ambitious volkswagen programme, which was to have furnished every German home with a car—and the Nazi machine with an immense transport weapon.

Britain meanwhile was imposing speed limits, partial limits on cars and universal limits on commercial vehicles, and doing everything that Treasury officials could think of to drive home the official view that motoring is a luxury, and as such to be restricted and taxed to the last ultimate ounce. What would the Army be doing now, and all the other vehicles that are serving the State, if the motor industry had built vehicles that could do the speed permitted by law and no more? What would we be doing if the anti-speed cranks had had their way and compelled by mechanical means all vehicles to be incapable of exceeding the speed limits? I have heard an air expert declare that another 500 "Spitfires" would have smashed the German attack in Belgium. If we had been allowed to become a motor-minded nation, who can doubt that the "Battle of the Gap" would have run a very different course?

Learners and Licences

To all intents and purposes, the official driving examination has been abolished for the duration of the war. It is no longer necessary to carry "L" plates or to be accompanied by a qualified driver. But there is no simple reversion, even temporarily, to the old system. You cannot as a novice get a full driving licence, but only a provisional one, renewable every three months at a cost of 5s. a time. This is supposed to be just a temporary measure, in view of (*a*) the probability that the examining staff will be wanted for more urgent national service, and (*b*) the certainty that there would soon be a troublesome shortage of drivers if the "L" business was maintained in spite of no tests. But I think it is pretty certain that the Ministry will not be able to get a staff of even 200 examiners again until the war is over, so it appears that you will have to go on with a succession of provisional licences for the duration. If so, I think it is distinctly hard that you should have to pay £1 a year, and most probably there will be a concession to make the provisional licence good for twelve months, like the ordinary licence.

The only point to be insisted on is that as soon as possible the examination is restored and that no one ever gets a full licence until he or she has passed that examination. I think that is right. It is easy to-day to be a bad driver and get away with it.



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Captain of a U-boat in the last war yet free to roam through Britain because his country was

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GATLING looked up at the sky; his chief had told him that a Heinkel had passed over the course while Lopke had been playing the day before. Remembering his chief's suggestion that a message might have been dropped in a golf ball, Gatling decided to find out who had caddied for Lopke at Gullane and question the lad. The caddie might not have seen the ball drop but he was likely to have observed a player pick one up that did not belong to him. Gatling's personal opinion was that his chief's idea was fantastic, nor did he expect much result from his task that afternoon. What information could an enemy agent obtain by playing golf on a deserted Scottish links? He could have understood if Lopke's visit had been made at a time when part of the British Fleet lay off the coast, but there was not a vessel to be seen. It was possible he had found something to interest him when playing on the courses overlooking the Firth of Forth, though that was not certain.

Feeling rather bored with his assignment, Gatling looked to see how the players were faring. They were coming away from a green, walking back towards a tee. He decided to join them; it was dull walking alone; he would talk to the assistant professional and Lopke could suffer his company.

The assistant pro had just driven. Lopke's caddie was teeing his ball. Lopke stood with his driver in his hand: he looked up when Gatling approached but gave no greeting. Looking at the German-American's face the detective's trained eye told him that Lopke was palpably strung up; the tense look he had first noticed was more pronounced. In his plain-clothes days Gatling had seen the same look on the face of a lorry-driver leaving a yard with goods during a strike. Why was Lopke so grim? What was he expecting? Another aeroplane that would drop a message to him while the detective was there?

The caddie had by now teed the ball and Lopke took up his stance. He raised the club in his queer, awkward way to the height of his shoulder once, then again, and a third time; finally he hit the ball badly. Walking up to the shot he took an iron club from his caddie, raised the club once to his shoulder, then gave three shorter waggles and struck with rather better result.

He turned to Gatling. "I was taking too long over it."

"Yes, I think you were," Gatling said, puzzled that Lopke should have spoken to him.

The third shot was played more quickly still—only one waggle and one longer swing. It was the fourth shot that opened Gatling's eyes. Lopke reversed the style of the third stroke; he made first a long swing then a waggle and struck. Now no golfer would change his style four different times in four successive strokes. Gatling tried to work back. The last stroke had been a sweep to the elbow and one waggle—dash—dot—in Morse, the letter N. The stroke before, a waggle and a sweep—dot—dash—A. Then he could not remember, but on the tee Lopke had made three sweeps to the height of his elbow—dash—dash—dash—O.

So the letters were O—A—N. There was one letter he did not know—the second. Gatling took another look at Lopke, who had holed out and was driving from the next tee; he found it difficult to believe what he saw. Lopke was bringing his club up to elbow-height, once, twice, three times; his next stroke was once to the elbow and three waggles; yes, that was the missing letter, dash—dot—dot—dot—B. O-B-A-N—a Scottish harbour! . . . *You will long to finish this exciting story by Arthur Mills. It will give you some idea of the cunning devices used by spies to give information to the enemy.*

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By Olga L. Rosmanith
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